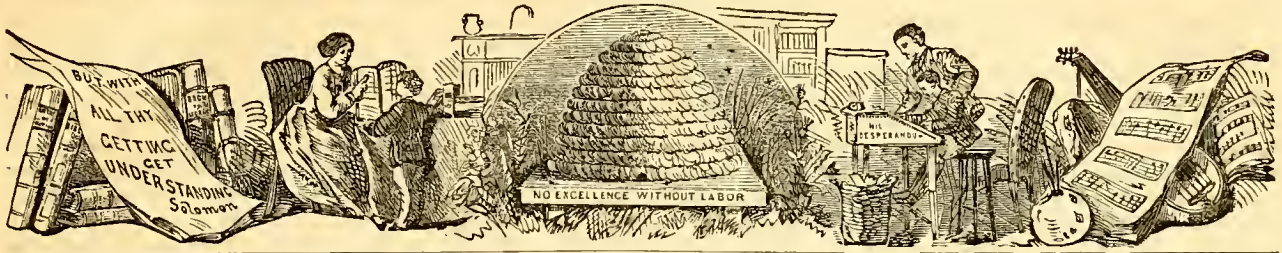


Holiness to the Lord!

The Juvenile Instructor



VOL. 5.

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1870.

NO. 11.

THE IGUANA.

WHAT strange creature have we here? A lizard? No; not exactly, but a reptile of the same order, and very much like it in appearance. It is called the Iguana.

You may be surprised when we tell you that there are about one hundred and fifty different kinds of Iguanas, yet such is said to be the case by learned naturalists who have paid attention to these animals. All these various species inhabit the hottest portions of our globe, very seldom being found outside the regions of the tropics.

You will notice two or three very strange peculiarities about this creature. In the first place the row of spines or raised scales, compressed and pointed, which extend all along its neck and the ridge of its back, and also along the upper part of its tail. Then there is the odd pouch or dewlap beneath its throat, its irregular claws, its sharp teeth and unsightly head. But although so vicious and dangerous in appearance, for you must know it sometimes measures five feet in length, it is timid and defenseless. Yet it is very active, and when pursued will take refuge in a tree, and will not offer to stir unless aroused. The common method of catching it is by casting a noose over its head and then drawing it from its position. It seldom makes an effort to escape but stands staring at the hunter, at the same time inflating its throat in a most extraordinary manner.

These reptiles are said to form a great part of the food of the people of the Bahama Isles. To catch them the

hunters visit many of the most remote islands in their sloops, taking with them dogs trained to the sport, who seldom ever kill the game, but capture them alive. If one gets killed, they use it for their present food; whilst those who are not injured, have their mouths sewed up, to prevent them biting and are stowed into the hold of the sloop. When enough have been caught, they carry them alive to some part for sale, or salt and barrel them for the use of their families. The flesh of the Iguana is delicate,

and well flavoured; some however consider that it is not a healthy food. The animals themselves, live, as a general thing, on fruit, vegetables and grain, some are said to eat anything digestible that falls in their path, and which they can swallow whole. The fruit they eat is said to possess the peculiar quality of tinging with its color the inside flesh of the animal. They can remain a con-



siderable time under water, though they are not amphibious; when they swim they do not use their legs, but clap them close to their sides and guide themselves by their tails. They cannot run fast, and place more confidence in their hiding places than in their swiftness as means of security. They are very sensitive to cold and seldom appear out, except when the sun shines.

In San Domingo there is a species of this reptile, with a bony knob or point jutting out between the eyes, and for this cause is named the horned Iguana. The negroes are very fond of its flesh, which is said to resemble that

of the Roc-buck. It lives on fruit, insects and small birds, crouching amidst rocks and trees during the day watching for its prey, which it seizes with great agility. During the night, and all through the hottest season, it retires to nooks and crevices in the rocks, or into the hollows of old trees and there passes the time in a state of lethargy or stupor. This species generally measures about four feet long.

There are a great number of other kinds of this reptile, varying slightly from the one in the picture, some in one way and some in another. But from the one here represented you can form a good idea of the whole family, whilst perhaps a lengthened description of the various peculiarities of the different kinds might be difficult for you to understand, and consequently tedious and not instructive. We will therefore forbear, and bid adieu to the Iguanas for to-day.

G. R.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

Chemistry of Common Things.

GOLD-AURUM.

THIS metal, in its native state, is found in some of our rocks. It may be distinguished from "fools' gold," as pyrites is called, by its peculiar color and lustre, as well as by its malleability. Gold is not so brilliant, when seen in ores, as many of our specimens of sulphur and iron minerals are. The "Peacock stone" is found in this Territory, for brilliance and variety of color, it far surpasses the showy pyrites that so often deceive those who are eagerly seeking for gold.

There is a great tendency, dear children, for even men to forget themselves when there is great excitement about gold. It is a metal everybody will give something else for; that is, it is readily saleable. And this is not an account of its great utility, there are many other metals more useful. But, gold is very beautiful, and capable of being beaten out into thin leaves, so that a little of the metal makes a great display. The pipes of our magnificent organ are covered with this precious metal; for adorning the house of the Lord, and for the sacred vessels, no doubt gold is the proper metal. Perhaps, also, for goblets to contain the rich juices of the grape, and other fruits, it is the proper metal. For preparing food, also, it may be used, when men are wise enough to know the true uses of gold.

The reason gold is so valuable for purposes of adornment and for food vessels is, its indestructibility. It does not corrode by the action of the atmosphere, nor by vegetable acids. Aqua regia (nitric and hydro-chloric acids combined) is its solvent. Chlorine then attacks the gold, forming a chloride of gold. Many very beautiful "engravings" upon steel are made by using this "solution of gold." Swords and large instruments are in this way made to appear very elegant. Gold is also "plated" on metals. For this purpose an "amalgam" is made by dissolving gold in quicksilver. This amalgam is spread evenly over the surface, and then placed over a charcoal fire to drive off the quicksilver, which passes up the chimney, and may be "condensed" by proper contrivances.

When the mercury (quicksilver) has all evaporated, a thin film of gold remains on the surface of the inferior metal. This has a dull yellow color, called "dead gold."

To make this brilliant, it is "burnished" with an instrument made of the hardest steel; soap and water being used to lubricate the surface while "burnishing." Sometimes only a part is burnished, according to taste. Years ago this was a common mode of gilding metals; the artificer performing the operation was called a "water gilder." Now, gold is spread over the surface of metals by the Eikington process, sometimes called the "electrotype process." In this method the gold is dissolved in a "bath," and the metal to be gilt is dipped in the solution. To precipitate the gold on the metal, it is necessary to attach it to the opposite poles of a galvanic battery. As soon as the "circuit" is complete, gold, (or silver, as the case may be), is deposited. This process may be more fully described by and by.

There is another mode of gilding that may be alluded to, "writing with gold." For this purpose gold leaf is ground upon marble, in water, until an impalpable powder is formed. This is mixed with gum water (mucilage of gum arabic); on writing with this fluid gold is deposited on the surface. But, as there is much more to be said about gold, we must wait for further space.

BETH.

HOW THE GIANT WAS CAUGHT AND SET TO WORK.

MORE than twenty-five hundred years ago, an old Greek philosopher noticed that amber, when rubbed, had a strange power of attracting to itself light bodies, such as straws, hair, and small sticks. The philosopher wondered and speculated about this, and made mention of it in his writings; but he died without having found out any good reason for it. At intervals of several hundred years, two or three other of the wise men of ancient times spoke of this peculiar power of amber and other substances. They made mention, too, of a queer fish, that gave shocks to any animal that came in contact with it. They also noticed—just what you must have seen many times—that when they took off their clothes on a cold night they heard a crackling noise, and saw sparks of light, and that their hair, on being combed, crackled and sparkled, and that a cat's back, when rubbed the wrong way, gave out sparks. For more than two thousand years, generation after generation of men and women lived, noticed these queer things, and, like the old Greek, died without having found out any reason for them.

But, about the year sixteen hundred, an Englishman, named Dr. Gilbert, set to work trying experiments; and he found out that not only amber, but many other substances had, when rubbed, this power of attraction. Slowly and patiently he worked. When people want to find out a scientific truth, they don't do it by a lucky guess, or a series of lucky guesses. Sometimes it takes a whole lifetime of experiment and observation to arrive at, and establish, one little fact in science. Many learned men became interested in the discoveries of Dr. Gilbert; there was some strange power of attraction hidden in these bodies which they could not account for or understand. They made machines to try experiments; they spent their time, and money, and brains, in finding out the truth; and they found out a great deal of truth about this wonderful electric influence.

Some of the wise men, too, had their suspicions that electricity was the same as lightning, the sparkle corresponding to the flash, the crackling noise to the thunder; but they had no way to prove their suspicions to be true;

they had no way of going up to the clouds to examine the lightning, and they had no way to bring it down to earth.

But Benjamin Franklin, our famous American citizen, got a notion into his wise head that, if he could get on top of a high steeple during a thunder storm, he could get enough lightning to experiment with. There were no high steeples in Philadelphia, where he lived, at that time; however, there was a very tall one in the process of building, but the work went on so slowly that Dr. Franklin grew tired of waiting and he thought of another way. He made a kite, the most famous kite that ever went sailing up from this round world of ours. It was a small, cross shaped kite, just like any boy's kite, only it was covered with thin silk instead of paper, for the rain would have spoiled paper; and it had some sharp, metallic points sticking out from the corners. It was a gallant, little messenger; it rode fearlessly on the wings of the wind, away up into the black sky; it entered bravely at the portals of a dark and threatening cloud.

"Good morning, thunder and lightning," called out the little messenger; "my master sent me to inquire if you are any relation to the snaps and sparkles he makes in his electrical machine. If you are, just send a shock down this tow string; my master has hold of the other end, and he will understand what you mean in a minute."

"Mind your own business," returned thunder and lightning, with a terrible flash and groan. "If your master wants to know about my family relations he must find out in some other way; that tow string will carry no messages of mine."

At this the tow string began to bristle up and look excited, and the rain water that had been keeping house in the next-door cloud, and was just starting earthward, flashed out angrily.

"Thunder and lightning! you are too proud to own your poor relations! Ever since the world was made you have been careering through the heavens, with your great flashings and groanings, pretending that you did not have anything to do on the earth, except to frighten men to death, and tumble down their houses. But I'll tell of you; I'll soon let that wise man know that you are not a terrible and mysterious heavenly being, but a very common resident of earth, just as I am. I've been aching to tell about you for thousands of years, but I never found any one on earth wise enough to understand my talk."

Thunder and lightning roared and flashed in great fury, when they heard this, but rain water did slide down the tow string with great glee, and with a series of jerks and shocks, soon informed the wise doctor all he wanted to know about the distinguished relations of electricity. That must have been a sad day for the old giant, that had ranged the heavens and terrified the earth since the creation; he must have felt humbled when he had to come down the string and get into a bottle, and perform experiments for the doctor.

Ah! but it was a great day for the world. The wise doctor laughed in glee, and all the wise men all over the world laughed and rejoiced at the news, when they heard it.

So the people lost their terror of this giant; and he did not dare to go zigzagging around through the air, knocking down people's houses, for the people put sharp-pointed rods of iron on their houses, and the great giant did not dare to touch a house thus protected, for the sharp sentinel was ever on the lookout.

"Don't touch my house! This way, my friend. I'll take you safe to a good place." And the first thing the old giant knew, he was whisked underground, tight in prison, where he could do no mischief.

But men were not content to keep the old fellow out of mischief; they longed to set him to work. The chemists found out how to make him useful in their laboratories. The doctors set him to healing their patients, and the silversmiths made him plate their wares. But still some wise men were sure that he was able to do many more useful things. They were certain that if they could only invent the right sort of a road, and the right sort of a harness, they could make the great giant travel from place to place, carrying the news.

"Ah!" said the wise men, "he is just the one to carry the news; he is so strong, so tireless, so swift, so secret—just the one, if we can only make him do it."

So they worried their wise heads night and day for many a year; they devised plans and invented machines. But the old giant laughed their plans to scorn; he broke their machines, he shocked and stunned the wise heads themselves. He pranced away from them and danced in the air.

"Ha! ha!" he would shout. "Do you think you can harness me and set me to work? I am free; all the earth is my home and my hiding place. What are you, O man, that I should serve you? You cannot see me; you cannot hold me; you cannot measure me; you cannot direct and govern me. My Creator has set me bounds and laws. I obey Him and them."

Then the wise men made answer, with reverence and faith sublime.

"Sons and heirs of God, your Creator, are we. All the subtle forces and great powers of nature are made for us, and shall minister unto us. Our heritage waits till we, through wisdom, shall enter into it and possess it. You shall yet serve us, proud Force; according to your own laws, you shall work out our will."

You remember, in olden time, that a small pebble stone slew the great Goliath, of Gath. So it happened, a quarter of a century ago, that a small thought entered into a wise man's head, and dwelt there until it worked itself out into life, and action, in the shape of Morse's American Telegraph.

And the old giant knew, as soon as he saw this machine, that he was caught and harnessed, and must go to work. He knew he was mastered, so he never winced or flinched the least bit; he settled himself to the traces, the harness fitted so well he could not keep from working in it, the road suited his tastes far better than the old, ragged, zig-zag route he used to engineer out for himself.

All over the round world, to-day, the track of the giant is gleaming in crystal and steel; from north to south, from east to west, in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth, he ceases not to toil for man. Silent, omnipresent, sleepless, and tireless, this grand ally of civilization, with his heart of fire and his sinews of steel, keeps the deep pulses of humanity throbbing with the same beat, rejoicing for the same joy, mourning for the same sorrow.

So the giant works joyfully in the service of mankind; he works according to his own nature, he obeys the laws that were set for him from the creation of the world; when the mind of man comprehended these laws, it conquered him.

The earth is a great storehouse of occult forces; the strong men and wise men of the future shall draw the bolts, and turn the rusted keys, and bring forth its hid treasure to enrich and exalt the whole human race. Boys and girls, knowledge and thought are the keys; grasp them surely, use them skillfully, enter upon the heritage secured to you from the beginning of time.—*Selected.*

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON

EDITOR.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1870.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THERE are many persons who seem to live in perpetual fear of the evils which they imagine are going to happen to them. In other words, they are always looking ahead and borrowing trouble. It is not the difficulties they then have which afflict them so much as it is those which they expect to have. This is a miserable condition in which to live; and where this habit is formed, there is but little enjoyment in life. The Lord Jesus told His disciples to "take no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." This His elders in these days have proved to be excellent counsel. When on missions they have found that the Lord who takes care of and provides for them one day is fully able to do so the next; therefore they live by faith, and they take no thought for the morrow, borrow no trouble and are happy. The Lord never fails to do His part, and they have all their wants supplied. But suppose an elder who is on a mission, traveling and preaching to the people, should forget the Lord's counsel and say: "I have found friends in this village or town who have opened their house to me, and given me food and lodging; but where will I find friends when I leave here and go to another place? Oh, dear, I wish I knew how I would get food and lodgings to-morrow." Would he not grieve the spirit and lose all enjoyment? Certainly he would. The good food and the good bed which he then had, he could not enjoy because he would be filled with fear that when he went away he would not find friends to receive him. But the man who remembers that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," enjoys the present, and he says, "the Lord who has provided for me to-day, will also furnish me what I need to-morrow," and he rejoices in, and is thankful for, what he has received, and has faith in the promises of the Lord.

Children, this is the feeling for you to cultivate. Do right, put your trust in God, and be happy to-day. When you do no wrong you need not be afraid of to-morrow, or the trouble that lies in the future. It is only those who sin who have cause to fear. But Latter-day Saints should be the most happy and joyous people upon the face of the earth.

There is a sun-dial in Venice which has written upon it the motto; "I count only the hours that are serene." What a fine lesson is conveyed to take no note of time but by its benefits—to watch only for smiles, and to compose our lives of bright and gentle moments—turning always to the sunny side of things, and not indulging in self-torment by borrowing trouble and imagining that all kinds of evil things are going to happen!

SCANDAL, like a kite, to fly well depends greatly on the length of the tale it has to carry.

HABIT is a cable. We weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.]

Original Poetry

IF WE CAN BE MORE BLEST.

If Earth can be more lovely,
In a celestial state;
How wise must be our Father,
How good, how kind, how great!

For I can find some blessing,
In all I hear and see;
All nature seemeth grateful,
And happy, glad and free.

If richer gems of beauty,
Shall yet adorn the earth;
And higher gifts of wisdom,
Who can describe their worth?

It surely is worth striving,
To do our very best,
To live for life eternal;
If it can be more blest.

LULA.

Wednesday, June 15th 1870.

CURIOUS SHOW AT VENICE.—At Venice they exhibit shows in the streets; one is very curious.

A number of young men lay poles across each others shoulders; then others get upon them, and build themselves up as we do card-houses, into a pyramid, so that you see a building of men—sometimes four or five rows of them up in the air, one rising above the other. The bottom or base is composed of the largest number; it grows smaller and smaller till you come to the top, and then a little boy represents the point of the pyramid. This is a very curious sight, but suddenly the little boy leaps off, and is caught in the arms of those below, and in the same manner one leaps off after another, and the whole building falls to pieces amidst the shouts and laughter of the spectators.—*Selected.*

SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.—The Japanese, who live on some Asiatic Islands, give the following names to the twelve signs of the Zodiac. The first they call the rat; the second the cow; the third the tiger; the fourth the hare; the fifth the dragon; the sixth the serpent; the seventh the horse; the eighth the sheep; the ninth the ape; the tenth the cock; the eleventh the dog; and the twelfth the bear.

The Emperor was born under the eleventh sign, the dog; consequently he had a great fondness for the animal, and he published an edict in which he ordered that all the dogs that died within his dominions should be carried to the top of a mountain, and be there buried with great ceremony. An infirm old man lost a large noble dog; it weighed almost as much as himself, but he was obliged to toil up the mountain with it. On his way he could not refrain from murmuring at his burden; he thankful, said his neighbor, that it is no worse; the Emperor might have been born under the sign of a horse, which would have been far heavier to carry. There is scarcely any trouble that comes upon us that might not have been greater, and this is the view we ought to take of our afflictions.—*Selected.*

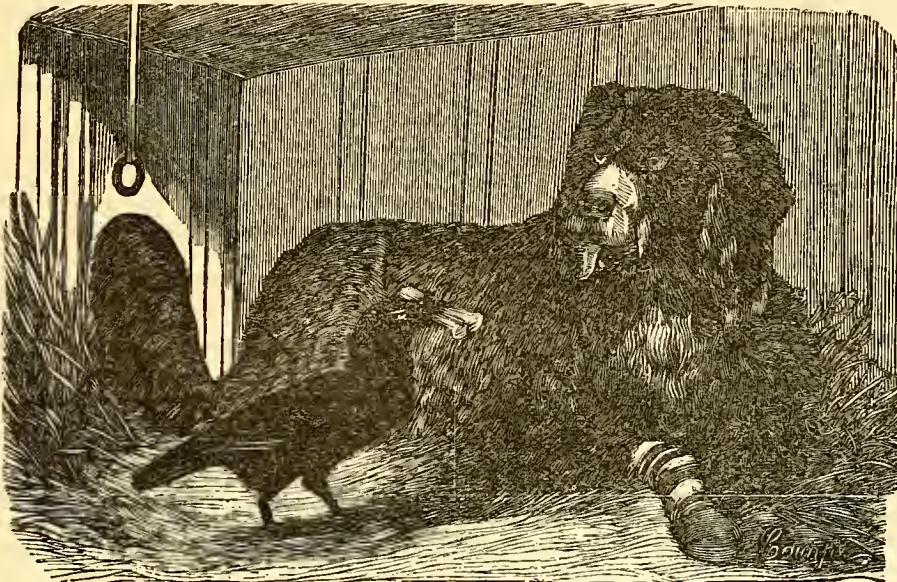
[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

THE DOG AND THE RAVEN.

THE above picture represents the gratitude of the raven for favors conferred by the dog at some time. Seeing his benefactor lame and in distress, the raven naturally feels for him, and contributes his mite and testifies his gratitude by presenting Ponto with a bone. Ponto no doubt feels duly grateful and hangs out his tongue, wags his expressive tail and says "a thousand thanks," as plainly as a dog can speak. Dogs are very intelligent animals, perhaps more so than any of the quadrupeds, (that is four footed animals.) Numerous instances are

recorded of their almost human sagacity. They frequently become very much attached to their masters, and when this is the case no inducements can persuade them to abandon their trust. We once owned a large black dog in this city, a mastiff, which was very remarkable in this respect. It was not safe for an Indian or a stranger to enter the yard unless he had an introduction to Watch.

He was very fond of a span of bay horses we drove, and it was the height of his ambition to be permitted to run along with them and guard them and the wagon or carriage. Sometimes he would follow them to the pasture and remain with them, guarding them, day after day, and woe to the unfortunate wight who attempted to interfere with them unless Watch knew him.



There was one very laughable circumstance illustrating his character, which I think I will relate. We had a black horse named Jack, who was a very exemplary animal except in one respect, when at large he would kick on the slightest provocation. Jack had broken loose and was busily employed in filling himself on a shock of wheat in the upper part of the garden, when there being no man about, one of the girls tried to drive him away; but Jack did not take that view of the subject, he insisted on eating what he wanted, and backing up towards the

young lady shot out his heels rapidly once or twice until there was a cessation of hostilities; he then went on very leisurely with his eating. But a strange man was called to master Mr. Jack, and he would probably have succeeded, but now Watch took the matter in hand. He could not see the necessity for culling in any foreign power, and was not disposed to sub-

mit to it, and being a large, powerful animal, the man thought discretion the better part of valor and retired in good order, leaving the field to Jack and his faithful companion. Many instances might be adduced to show the sagacity and faithfulness of dogs, but this article is already extended beyond our intention and we desist.

T.

AN ADDRESS TO BOYS.

WE make the following pleasant extract from an address delivered by Oliver Dyer before the young men of Packard's Business College of New York. The suggestions made are excellent:


"Captain Marryatt mentions, in one of his works, that a certain British man-of-war, in stress of weather, was on a lee shore and in danger of being dashed on the rocks, and had to kedge out as the sailors call it. They would throw in an anchor and veer around and then cut that cable, and then throw in another anchor and veer around again and cut that cable, and so work off, little by little, if possible to turn the dangerous point. And when they came to the supremely critical moment, the Captain and the First Lieutenant took the wheel—it being customary according to Captain Marryatt, for the Captain and First Lieutenant of a British man-of-war to do this at that moment when it is necessary to have the best trained and the best nerve there—and as they took the wheel the Captain said to the first Lieutenant quietly, 'Now, Mr. Johnson, we shall see what you were about while we were lying in port.' Do you know what that meant, boys? It meant that if that First Lieutenant, while lying in port,

had done his duty (which is to see that everything about the ship and rigging is in perfect order), so that every mast and spar and sail and rope and ratline on that ship would hold and draw just right, that they would then weather that point. And they did just make it. But if the least of those ropes had given away, they would have been dashed to pieces on the rocks. And the point with you, you will find at every critical period of your lives, will be, what have you been doing while lying in port? How have you been spending your leisure time? Have you been getting your ship ready to weather the point when the critical hour shall come? Have you been saving up your money, and studying hard to fit yourselves for any position that may come in your way. And remember that it is what you do while lying in port. During your leisure hours, and your evenings, your Sabbaths that is going to tell. Do you spend your evenings in some idle amusement, and your hard-earned money for friperries—things that are of no use to you? Or do you save your money? Do you study evenings? Do you spend your evenings at home with your mother and sisters, drinking in that strength which can come only

through their love? Are you ready, when the storm comes, to depend for salvation upon how you spent your evenings and Sabbaths? Where do you go on Sunday? Do you go off on pleasure excursions, or do you go to meeting? Do you connect yourself with Sabbath schools, and with the great movements of the day, and take an interest in all these great questions that are now coming upon us? Your future welfare will depend on all these considerations."—*Selected.*

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.



DURING the night of the 26th of June Joseph was wakeful and evidently impressed with forebodings of the fate that awaited him. They did not retire to bed until a late hour. Joseph and Hyrum occupied the only bed in the room, while their friends lay side by side on the mattresses on the floor. The report of a gun fired close by the jail caused Joseph to arise, leave the bed and lay himself on the floor. He laid down between Brother John S. Fullmer, who was on his right, and Brother Dan Jones who was on his left. Joseph laid out his right arm, and said to Bro. Fullmer "Lay your head on my arm for a pillow, Bro. John;" and when all were quiet they conversed in a low tone about the prospects of their deliverance. Joseph had presentiments that he had to die, and so expressed himself; but said "I would like to see my family again" and "I would to God that I could preach to the Saints in Nauvoo once more." Bro. Fullmer tried to cheer him, saying, he thought he would often have that privilege. Joseph thanked him for the remarks and good feelings expressed by him.

Dr. Richards had been sitting up writing, and when he finished, he retired to the bed which Joseph had left. When all were apparently fast asleep Joseph asked Brother Dan Jones, in a whisper, "Are you afraid to die?"

He replied "Has that time come think you? Engaged in such a cause I do not think that death would have many terrors."

Joseph said to him, "You will yet see Wales and fulfill the mission appointed you before you die."

In the morning Joseph requested Bro. Jones to descend to make some inquiries of the guard at the jail respecting the noise made in the night. The officer of the guard was a man by the name of Frank Worrell; he was one of the Carthage Greys. He replied very bitterly to Bro. Jones's inquiries, and said:

"We have had too much trouble to bring old Joe here to let him ever escape alive, and unless you want to die with him, you had better leave before sundown; and you are not a d——d bit better than him for taking his part, and you'll see that I can prophecy better than old Joe, for neither he nor his brother, nor anyone who will remain with them, will see the sun set to-day."

Joseph then directed Bro. Jones to go to Governor Ford and inform him what he had been told by the officer of the guard. While going on this errand, he saw an assemblage of men, and heard one of them, who was apparently

a leader, making a speech. Among other remarks he said:

"Our troops will be discharged this morning in obedience to orders, and for a sham we will leave the town; but when the Governor and the McDonough troops have left for Nauvoo this forenoon, we will return and kill those men, if we have to tear the jail down."

This sentiment was applauded by three cheers from the crowd.

To the Governor Captain Jones told what had occurred in the night, what the officer of the guard had said and what he had heard while coming to see him; and he earnestly besought him to avert the danger. Ford replied:

"You are unnecessarily alarmed for the fate of your friends, sir; the people are not that cruel."

Irritated by these remarks Jones urged the necessity of placing better men to guard them than professed assassins, and said:

"The Messrs. Smith are American citizens, and have surrendered themselves to your Excellency upon your pledging your honor for their safety; they are also Master Masons, and as such I demand of you the protection of their lives."

At this Governor Ford's face turned pale, and Captain Jones remarked.

"If you do not do this, I have but one more desire, and that is, if you leave their lives in the hands of those men to be sacrificed——"

"What is that, sir?" he asked in a hurried tone.

"It is," said Jones, "that the Almighty will preserve my life to a proper time and place, that I may testify that you have been timely warned of their danger."

After this conversation he returned to the prison, but the guard would not let him enter. He then went back to the hotel and found the Governor standing in front of the troops from McDonough county, who were in line ready to escort him to Nauvoo. The troops who had been disbanded retired to the rear, and as they did so, they shouted loudly that they were only going a short distance out of town when they would return and "kill old Joe and Hyrum." These threats the Governor must have heard, but he took no notice of them, even when Brother Jones called his attention to them. He also requested the Governor to fulfill his promise, and to give him passports for himself and friends to pass in and out of the prison; but he refused. He, however, told General Demming to write one for Dr. Willard Richards, who was Joseph's private secretary. While waiting for this Brother Jones's life was threatened, and Chauncey L. Higbee said to him in the street, "We are determined to kill Joe and Hyrum, and you had better go away to save yourself."

The Governor afterwards gave Br. Cyrus H. Wheelock a passport, he having applied to him at Joseph's request. From him also the Governor heard the numerous threats which were made against Joseph and Hyrum; but they had no effect upon him. Brother Wheelock states that previous to leaving Carthage for Nauvoo, which he did that morning, he said to the Governor:

"Sir, you must be aware by this time that the prisoners have no fears in relation to any lawful demands made against them, but you have heard sufficient to justify you in the belief that their enemies would destroy them if they had them in their power; and now, sir, I am about to leave for Nauvoo, and I fear for those men; they are safe as regards the law, but they are not safe from the hands of traitors, and midnight assassins, who thirst for their blood, and have determined to spill it; and under these circumstances I leave you with a heavy heart."

To this Ford replied:

"I was never in such a dilemma in my life; but your friends shall be protected, and have a fair trial by the law; in this pledge I am not alone; I have obtained the pledge of the whole of the army to sustain me."

(To be continued.)

MISSIONARY SKETCHES.

THE season was a wet one, and when I told the people that I was going around the island, they thought it a great undertaking, and tried to persuade me not to undertake it. I evidently had their sympathies; I was boyish-looking, and they called me a *keiki*, which in their language literally means "a child." Many times as I traveled along they would take my valise from me and carry it; and when I came to a stream of water, they would pack me across it. I passed through a number of villages, over a very rough, hilly country, and late one night reached the town of Wailuku.

Up to this time, though I had been treated very kindly, I had not met with the persons whom I had been led to expect by the manifestations of the spirit, would receive my testimony. The main part of the town of Wailuku was on the other side of a stream, in attempting to cross which I got wet. There were some missionary houses here, and as I passed through the town, I hoped that I should get an opportunity of being introduced to them; for I had made it a rule, thus far, not to pass a missionary without hearing testimony to him respecting my mission. But I was dusty and toilworn, and felt some diffidence about introducing myself. By this time I had partly come to the conclusion that, as the weather was so unfavorable, I would return to Lahaina; and in passing through Wailuku, I took a road which I thought led in that direction. I had scarcely got out of the town when I felt impressed to return, the Spirit telling me that if I would do so I should get an opportunity of being introduced to the missionary who resided there.

As I passed the churchyard two half-white women emerged from a house near by, and when they saw me they called to some men who were in the house "*E ka haole!*" which means, "Oh, the white man!" This they repeated two or three times, calling at the same time one of the men by name. As I walked along towards the picket fence, three men came out of the house, and stepped up towards the gate. When I got opposite to them I saluted them, being greeted by them in return. I had passed but a few feet when the leader of the men inquired of me where I was going. I told them I thought of returning to Lahaina, on account of the weather. He said that as this was Saturday, I had better stop until Monday with him. He inquired of me who and what I was, and upon my informing him, his desire to have me stay was increased. I went into the house with him, and, after some little conversation and pressing me to eat food, which he offered, he proposed that we should go up and see the missionary. This was what I wanted, and I embraced his proposal gladly.

The missionary's name was Conde; he was a native of Connecticut, and had been sent out by the American Board of Foreign Missions. We had a very pleasant conversation, during which he made many inquiries respecting Utah, my object in coming to the islands, and our belief. He said he could not believe anything in modern revelation; but expressed a wish to read some of our works. I lent him the *Voice of Warning*, though I had little hope of it having any effect on him, as he had condemned the doctrines before he had heard or read them.

The moment I entered into the house of this native and met him and his two friends I felt convinced that I had met the men for whom I had been looking. The man who owned the house was a judge, and a leading man in that section. His name was Jonatana H. Napela. It was he who visited this Territory last Fall in company with Elder George Nebeker. His companions' names

were Uana and Kaleohano. They were all three afterwards baptized and ordained to be elders, and all are still members of the Church. They were graduates of the high school in that country, fine speakers and reasoners, and were men of standing and influence in the community. Napela was very anxious to know my belief, and wherein our doctrines differed from those taught by the missionaries in their midst. I explained to him, as well as I could, our principles, with which he seemed very well satisfied. But next day after the services in their church, Mr. Conde called Napela and a number of the leading men together, and endeavored to poison their minds against our doctrines, by telling all kinds of lies about the Prophet Joseph and the people of Utah. I learned this at supper by the inquiries which Napela and a number of his friends who were present, made of me. Their questions were of such a nature as to prove to me that somebody had been telling them lies. I afterwards learned that it was the missionary's work.

The spirit rested powerfully upon me and I told them I had the truth, and besought them, as they valued their souls, not to reject it until they could understand it for themselves; that I should soon be able to explain it fully unto them; that the principles were contained in the Bible, and were eternal truth. They were melted to tears, and promised me that they would not decide that our principles were false until they had a full opportunity of judging for themselves. Which promise, I am happy to say, most of them kept, and I had the pleasure of baptizing them into the church.

I am particular in mentioning this circumstance to show the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR that, when they go on missions, and they are in the line of their duty, it is their privilege to have revelation from the Lord to guide them in all their steps. I was led to expect, before I left Lahaina, that I would find those who would receive me. Up to the time I reached Wailuku, I had not found them, and then when I thought it best to go back by another road, and through other villages to Lahaina, I was told if I would return into Wailuku that I should obtain my desire in getting an interview with the missionary. The half-white women who saw me were Napela's wife and her sister. There was something very remarkable in their crying out as they did to him and his companions in the house when they saw me. They met whites very frequently, and it was nothing strange for them to pass as I did. This was often alluded to in conversations which we had afterwards, and they wondered why they should have done so. I knew that it was the Lord's doings; for if they had not called out, I should have passed unnoticed and missed them. To my sight, the Lord's hand was plainly seen in it all, and I thanked Him for His mercy and goodness.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

LOST ON THE PLAINS.
A TRUE SKETCH.

IN the days when to cross the Plains was a long, weary journey of several month's duration, when "buck" and "bright" were in the zenith of their fame, a cordial welcome from an old friend, whom I had not seen for years, and a decent meal could not be counted among things to be lightly esteemed. At least the writer thought so when crossing from Florence to the Valley in the Summer of 1860, he met with a friend from the same branch of the Church in England, at a station kept by a Frenchman named Louis Genoy, near what was then called the upper

Platte Bridge. We had been on very friendly terms before his departure for Zion, by the first handcart company, in 1857. Through sickness, he had been compelled to stay by the way, and three years after, we met quite unexpectedly at the place mentioned. Our meeting took place between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning, and as might be expected he had many inquiries to make about friends and acquaintances behind; and as it was too soon for the company to stop for "nooning" he pressed me to stay an hour or two with him, to have a chat and eat dinner, promising to put me on the right track, so that I could easily overtake the company before sundown.

I had then been on the Plains some seven or eight weeks, and, as all who have passed through a similar experience know, a good dinner was considerable of a temptation to stay awhile. I spoke to Captain——, now a Bishop in one of our northern settlements, but he advised me not to stay behind the company. As I however did not intend to stop more than an hour or so, and was assured by my friend that he would put me in the way the train travelled, I concluded, very foolishly, to remain behind. The lesson I ultimately learned will, I think, never be forgotten.

I stayed until dinner was ready, probably a couple of hours, and then had a feast of boiled elk, and other good things, and immediately started off, hoping to overtake the company in two or three hours at most. Fred accompanied me a few hundred yards and gave me as I supposed, the necessary directions, and off I trudged.

I walked for an hour or two as fast as I could, hoping as I reached the summit of each succeeding bluff, to see some signs of the folks ahead. But after walking three or four hours, and still no indications of their presence a feeling of anxiety would arise in my mind, lest I had missed the track and was lost on the Plains. I kept onward looking eagerly ahead, but nothing but disappointment awaited me. As the sun gradually approached the western horizon and still no tokens of the missing train, my anxiety became very great, for I had heard of individuals crossing the Plains, straying from their companies, and never being heard of again, and the thought of being benighted there caused me greater anxiety than words can express. Still I pursued my journey, occasionally looking anxiously in every direction in hopes of seeing smoke from camp fires or some other indications of human life; but no cheery sign met my gaze, and at last the conclusion was forced home to me that I really was lost.

By this time the sun was nearly touching the loftiest peaks of the western mountains, and as he approached the setting point, his rays seemed to grow brighter, as if rejoicing at the prospect of rest after his day's journey.

But how different was my position! The nearer night approached the higher my anxiety rose, for look in whatever direction I might there was no sign of life or human habitation, nothing but dreary, barren sand-hills. Not a tree or hillock of any kind for a shade or shelter when darkness overtook me. And this was the result of disregarding the advice given me, not to stay behind the company. That dinner of elk, &c., &c., seemed likely to cost me a very heavy price.

At length, just as I was really giving up in despair, a sight met my gaze, which resurrected hope, within me, and infused new life and energy into my wearied limbs. It was not the camp and my friends with whom I had parted in the morning; but, away in the distance, probably half or three quarters of a mile, I saw a bridge across a stream of water, and some sign of human habitation. I hurried forward as fast as possible, and when I got within

a few hundred yards, I saw white men there. Anxiety had nearly vanished now, for I felt a hope that I should be able to find shelter and food for the night, and should be put in the right track for the camp in the morning.

On arriving at the bridge and making my position known, the men told me, in a somewhat surly and uncivil manner, that I was some five or six miles from Genoy's station; and evincing no disposition to be at all hospitable, I determined to ask no further kindness at their hands, but, tired as I was, I determined to set off, in hopes of reaching the quarters of my friend Fred, where I was sure of meeting with the most cordial hospitality.

The sun had descended behind the hills when I started; and the road being entirely unknown and lonely it was anything but a pleasant journey. But I had no alternative. I must reach there or stay all night on the desert. Suffice it to say that in about a couple of hours I reached the point I was trying for, and after some supper Fred showed me into his room, and I was asleep in two or three minutes. I was aroused in the morning long before sunrise by my friend, who was determined to travel with me to the camp, and he was anxious that we should reach it before the train commenced its day's march.

Away we started, I very stiff and tired, but feeling comparatively light hearted at the hope of rejoining the company. We had travelled two or three miles, when, in the distance, we saw two men approaching us, and upon meeting I found it was Brother P. now living at Payson, Utah County, and Bro. John Ames, the former, I believe one of the Captains of ten in the company, the latter one of the emigrants. They had been sent out by the company to hunt for me. My arrival had been looked for with some anxiety the preceding evening, and my absence gave rise to considerable speculation and uneasiness. At break of day the next morning, they were sent in quest of me. I was quickly astride their pony, and bidding good bye to Fred, he returned to the ranche of the Frenchman Genoy, and we set forward for camp, which we reached in due time without accident or delay.

On my arrival I met with a slight rebuke for my wilfulness from the Captain; but my own reflections were worse to endure than the most harsh words would have been; for I knew that my folly, in disobeying counsel had caused unnecessary anxiety in camp and had exposed me to very great risk.

To this day my wanderings while lost on the Plains, and the narrow escape I had from a lonely and terrible death appears marvellous, and I cannot do other than acknowledge the over-ruling hand of Providence in my preservation and deliverance.

D. W. E.

A LITTLE bright-eyed four year old got his prayer mixed up the other night. Imagine the astonishment of his mother to hear her darling commence thus:

"Now I lay me down to sleep—
Shoo fly! don't bodder me."

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